THE LADY'S

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

(Continued.)

"I NOW began to be uneasy whenever he approached me, and I acknowledged to myself, without reserve, that he was an object worthy of my love. The company withdrew from the garden to a pavillion, and I lost sight of the stranger. Meanwhile, it grew dark, and each gentleman sought a female companion. I had intended to avoid the stranger, but before I was aware, I found him by my side. At the moment when the rockets and squibs occupied the eyes and ears of all, we were both engaged in as philosophical a conversation, as if the silence of midnight reigned around us. We conversed on the happiness and enjoyment of life. "Love alone," said he, "renders life worth enjoying; and love alone can make us so unhappy, that life with all its pleasures, resembles continual death." This he said without looking at me, and, as I should imagine, without any reference to me; but it flashed like lightning to my heart. I was disposed to ask him in jest if he spoke from experience, but I could not. He continued to reason upon his text, and I made observations as well as I could.

"I was desirous to know how he had become acquainted with my brother. In order to change the conversation, I asked the question. He looked steadfastly at me, and said in a whisper—"Thro' you."

"Through me!" said I, with surprise. "How can that be?" "I almost forced myself as a companion upon your brother," replied he, "for the purpose of making myself acquainted with you."

"I could scarcely breathe. At the moment when he was going to proceed, he was interrupted by a squib, which, as I afterwards found, was mischievously thrown at us by my brother, who had overheard our philosophical conversation. A loud laugh betrayed him, when I sprung aside with a shriek. We were now obliged to rejoin the company. The stranger quitted me, and soon afterwards left

us all, without assigning any reason why he would not stay to supper. My brother and guardian pressed him to accept a lodging with us while he remained in our city, but he was not to be persuaded. He requested permission to visit us every day, took a hasty leave of me, and departed.

"How gladly would I also have left the company! Surprise and curiosity had so overcome me, that I scarcely knew where I was. The one imposed silence on all my thoughts, the other kept me in anxious suspense. I could not take my seat at the table before I had asked my brother where and how he became acquainted with the stranger.

"Has he already found the way to your heart?" asked my brother, laughing. "But take care,' continued he; "and if you are wise, cut the bird's wings, or shut him up in the cage of matrimony, while he is tame. He might otherwise grow wild again, and fly away."

"I was rather disconcerted; but recovering myself, replied, that it was no answer to my question, and that what I wanted to know, was, where and how he had become acquainted with him.

"Where else but at the gaming table?" said my brother, laughing as before. "Do you suppose that he is not fond of play, because he is a philosopher? He is one of the philosophers of the new school; he is as fond of cards as of books, and when he has read and played till he is tired, he seeks some kind female, and finds one, I dare say, wherever he finds an inn."

"An involuntary shuddering seized me. Once more I requested my brother to give me an answer to my question, instead of those useless particulars, which I considered as calumnies.

"He turned round, and burst into a loud laugh. Before he went away, he again turned to me, and with a tone of mingled irony and gravity, said:—"Sister, you are a philosopher yourself; can you be so dull as not to perceive that you will soon marry a philosopher?"

"With this apostrophe he left me. If I was before embarrassed, I was now confounded. All my feelings and all my thoughts were at variance with each other."

"Such a sleepless night as followed that evening, I had never before passed. Ah! my dear friend, nothing renders us so susceptible of an extinguishable passion, as a tumult of sensations, among which we are at a loss to draw the line between love and hatred. In this case, in proportion as hatred subsides, love gains strength. But had I any reason for hating the stranger? How could I be offended with a person with whom I was unacquainted? Something, indeed, I had learned

concerning him; and if what my brother had told me was not merely an unmannerly joke, the man, whom I had in my heart acknowledged that I could love, was not worthy of the slightest emotion of such a sentiment. When I reflected that this account might perhaps be true, I could not suppress feelings of indignation, and even of aversion. If, thought I, pursuing these reflexions, I have rightly understood my brother, this man is come to solicit my hand; and how can he know its value? As to my fortune, he may have been informed by my brother of the amount of that. His losses at the gaming-table are perhaps to be paid by his future wife. These conjectures, by which I felt myself deeply humbled, made a profound impression on my mind; I was ashamed of myself. With this sensation I fell asleep, but not till day-light. On awaking, some hours afterwards, I was perfectly ready to receive the stranger at breakfast to which he was invited.

"My cheerfulness during the repast, was such that it could not pass unnoticed. The stranger was already there before I entered the room. I slightly saluted him, joked with the rest, and behaved as if he had not been present. I was however desirous of knowing what impression this change made upon him. That I might have something to say to him, I asked if he was fond of music? This question roused my brother, who replied, that he played on the harpsichord better than I. We were immediately called upon to try a sonata together; my guardian supported the proposal, and my hesitation was ascribed to false modesty. Thus was I seated at the harpsichord, arm to arm with the man whom I was persuading myself to hate, and was obliged to perform a part in the same piece with him. From playing we went to singing; we executed an Italian duet in such a style, that my guardian, who was better acquainted with music than with the human heart, greeted us with a hearty bravo.

"The stranger staid long, and talked much. More than once I scrutinized him for the purpose of discovering whether there was any truth in what my brother had told me concerning him, and his looks, his words, and whole behaviour, gave the lie to his report. In the animation with which he spoke he appeared to me still more handsome than the preceding day. When he left us for a few hours, to take a ride with my brother, I regretted that my ignorance of the art of riding, prevented me from being of the party.

"But I should never have done, were I to pursue all the threads of the history of my attachment to this singular man. You may perhaps conceive how much he daily gained upon my affections, and what I felt when I thought I had discovered that I was an object of

his continual attention. It was more than probable that he had not come without some reason; and if he were to solicit my hand, what was I to do? He was a protestant, but of an ancient family, and very rich. My guardian and my brother seemed desirous of forming an alliance with his house. He was not more than twenty-four years old. The extraordinary endowments of his mind could not be doubted; and never was there a more perfect coincidence in sentiments and opinions, than between him and me. But, thought I, what does all this signify, if his manners are such as my brother describes? My scruples returned; I resolved not to love him till I was sure that he was a better man than my brother reported.

"What resolutions we form when we do not know our own minds! The stranger, who intended to remain with us only three or four days, had already prolonged his stay to eight. More than one *tete-a-tete* had improved our acquaintance; but neither myself, nor any of my friends, was precisely informed of his intentions. What at first excited my curiosity, was no longer a secret, but I wanted to know still more. A painter on his travels had seen my portrait at the house of my deceased friend, Francesca, who related to him so much concerning the original, that he could not rest till he formed an acquaintance with me. With the impression produced by this acquaintance, with the account given him by my friend, and my portrait, he prosecuted his travels. From him the stranger had learned what he knew concerning me, before he met with my brother, and this it was that inspired him with the idea of accompanying the latter to our house. This solution of the enigma was sufficiently flattering to my vanity, but my heart still remained unsatisfied.

"The week which we had persuaded our guest to stay with us, instead of the shorter time which he had at first proposed, had now become a fortnight. He went in and out as though he had been one of the family, but instead of declaring himself, he grew more gloomy and reserved. At length, as I was one day walking with him, I asked what was the matter. He pressed my hand, and looked at me with eyes suffused in tears. I blushed. Neither of us spoke, and we continued our walk. The way led to our garden. We went at a good pace, and the rest of the company followed at a considerable distance. We entered the saloon in which he found us on the evening of his arrival. He loosed my arm, walked to and fro, and suddenly addressed me in these words, 'At that window you were standing the first time I looked at you to discover whether I might love you." Unable to reply, I stood like a statue. He advanced close to me, and looking me full in the face, grasped both my hands, and

said with deep emotion :—" Could you consent to be my friend ?" I am so already ; replied I, without knowing what idea I attached to the expression. He threw his arms about me ; I felt the fire of his embrace.—" Ah !' exclaimed he, loosing me, " that I had never known you !" He turned from me, and leaned with his face towards the window. I was going to leave the saloon : but hearing the noise of the door, he hastened towards me, and earnestly entreated me to stay.

" I looked at him with astonishment. In a tone perhaps somewhat sarcastic, I said :—If you wish you had never known me, why are you so anxious for my company ?—He looked first at the ground, and then at me, at the same time grasping my right hand. He was evidently seeking an answer, but could find none. I endeavoured to disengage my hand, and thus proceeded :—You are an incomprehensible man ; if you have any thing more to say, make haste, and come along with me ; it will be more becoming, if the company finds us in the garden.

" By this time he seemed to have recovered himself. Stooping cordially to me, he said in a low voice ;—" I see you to-day perhaps for the last time. I must therefore confess that I love you already more than I ought, and that I feel that my attachment would be unbounded, if I were more intimately acquainted with your merits. I was unhappy when I came ; I am much more so now that I am going. You cannot understand me, but if you could, I should at least have your pity." When do you go ? asked I, as though he had been about to leave me immediately. He was about to reply, when we heard the company coming. I collected myself as well as I could, but the agitation of all my senses was extreme.

" When my friend, for by that name I shall now call him, conducted me home, I walked by his side as silent as though it had been a funeral procession. It was not till I knew we were about to part, that I felt the full force of my attachment for him.

" He supped with us, and staid till late. All my thoughts were absorbed by him, and I could observe that all his attention was occupied by me. With a warmth which he had never shewn in company, he kissed my hand at parting. Next morning a note was brought from him, informing us that a letter which he had found on his return to his lodgings, had obliged him to set out immediately to meet a friend, but that he hoped to see us again soon.

[*To be continued.*]

Who can hide magnanimity, stands on the supreme degree of human nature.

A TALE

EXTRACTED FROM ANTON WALL'S BAGATELLES.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

A YOUNG man of a rich family was studying many years ago in a German university. He had a good form, and one of the most beautiful countenances. The structure of his forehead and nose gave him an indescribable air of nobility and greatness. His acquaintances discovered in his looks a complacency, mingled with condescension; but women were so captivated with his appearance, as not to lose his image from their minds, asleep or awake. He was called the ***** Apollo, except by those, who knowing no better, gave him the name of the beautiful X. He was said, in a short time, to have raised the flame of jealousy in the breasts of many ladies, who were equally ambitious of receiving his attention.

In the house where this youth resided, lived a young female, who time and thoughts were much occupied in adorning her person. She had an attic story, where she subsisted by her own industry and bore an irreproachable character. She was about twenty years of age, and possessed some charms, which she could set off to the greatest advantage. The young man met her sometimes on the stairs and was pleased with her appearance. He made inquiries respecting her, and upon their next meeting spoke to her, and attempted to snatch a kiss, for which he received a violent blow in the face; a circumstance as unexpected as it was extraordinory.

The charms of the maid, and, perhaps, still more his wounded pride, spurred him on to make every effort for a farther acquaintance with her. By his modest and cautious deportment towards her, he removed the unfavourable impression from her mind, which paved the way for obtaining her confidence, and afterwards the permission to pay her a few visits, when opportunities should offer.

He came very often, and Julia, for so the girl was named, began to enquire, upon his departure, on what day she might expect him again. He gained sufficient courage to ask a single kiss, which was not refused. Upon the next visit, he asked kisses, which were likewise granted. At last he presumed to make another request, to which he received a positive refusal. She was deaf to his entreaties and supplications. He fell upon his knees, but still her principles remained unshaken.

One day he came, and found her bathed in tears. He eagerly besought her to tell him the cause of her grief, which, after a length of time, she made known to him. She had had some ruffles by her, which were the bridal ornament of a noble lady. These ruffles

had been missing since yesterday evening, and cost nearly fifty crowns. Julia sobbed, wrung her hands, and refused any consolation. The young man embraced her, and went away.

He had an acquaintance in the city, who had passed his minority a short time since, and received a paternal inheritance of several thousand crowns. He knew his obliging disposition, and therefore applied to him upon the present occasion.

"Friend Z," said he, "if you do not lend me fifty crowns this moment, I shall not be able to exist. You know the meanness of my father, and my own narrow income; as soon as I take possession of my father's property, I will pay you with interest, and a thousand thanks; I am almost mad with grief, and shall never survive your refusal.'

"I have a good opinion of you," said Z, "your countenance indicates no bad intention. I will lend you the money." Upon these words, he went and counted out the sum, gave it to the former, and accepted his bond. X. embraced his benefactor, as he called him, hastily put the money into his pocket, and hurried away to Julia, whom he found in great distress, on account of his abrupt departure.

"Here Julia," said he to her, "here are the fifty crowns; purchase the ruffles with this, and consider me your friend."

Struck with astonishment, the girl was unable to utter a syllable; she sat for some time motionless upon her chair, with her eyes on the ground. At length she sprang up, and fell upon his neck.—"Well," said she, "I am poor, and you are rich; I take the money; but I take it only upon the condition of repaying it in the same manner, and not as a present."

It was twilight, and Julia was going to light a candle, but he prevented her; she suffered herself to be detained; anxiety and grief had exhausted her spirits, which an excess of gratitude contributed to destroy. The innocent and beautiful girl supplicated;—she could do no more; she had lost all powers of resistance. Nothing less than a miracle could have protected her from the rude embraces of a villain—Julia fell!

The ruffles had slipped behind the drawers, which she found the next morning. She wrote a few lines, enclosed the fifty crowns, and waited an opportunity to give the note into the hands of X. He took them, and purchased some trifles for new year's gifts.—He visited Julia a few evenings afterwards, but did not find her in the weak state in which he had left her. Upon his return to his chamber, he found a letter, the contents of which informed him of his father's illness, and his particular wish to

see him. He made no delay, but travelled post to Residenz, buried his father, and returned six months afterwards.

He went immediately to Julia, and instead of a blooming maid which he had left, he found a death-like form, with dull and hollow eyes, and sunk cheeks. Her figure startled him, at first, as he surveyed her. After some questions, he learned, that she would soon become a mother. He staid a few moments, threw a ducat on the table, and departed.

Julia wrote a note to him, thanked him in a sorrowful manner for his benefaction, and inquired of him what he proposed to do for her and her child. She received no answer;—she wrote more notes which were likewise unanswered. She sent a friend to him. X. replied, that he wished not to be interrupted. At the persuasion of this friend, Julia lodged her complaint against him, and this paragon of excellence was compelled to take an oath before the court, that he had never had any connexion with the maid. The child died before it was three months old, and was soon followed by its wounded mother. X. concluded his studies, went home to Residenz, undertook the management of his own property, which consisted of three estates; accepted of an office, and married a fortune of fifty thousand crowns.

His friend Z. who had before lent him the fifty crowns, was reduced to difficulties by the bankruptcy of a merchant, to whom he had entrusted his property. Once when he was very much embarrassed, he wrote to X. and reminded him, in a very gentle manner, of the fifty crowns, to which he received no reply.

The various mortifications which the honest Z. had met with for many years, threw him into an illness, which terminated in his death. He left behind, a widow and three helpless children.

Among the papers of the deceased, was found the bond of the wealthy X. upon which he was written to, but returned for answer, that he wished they would spare themselves the trouble of writing, as the debt was none of his. A friend was appointed to speak with him, to whom he declared that he would not pay a farthing. He was prosecuted, and appeared before the court in person, which was always acknowledged to be the most beautiful in Residenz. He did not deny having received the money, and having written the bond, but he added, that, as the judges themselves knew, the laws of the land declared all debts null and void, which were contracted during a person's minority, without the consent of the parents. The whole court were struck with astonishment at the art and villainy of the man. They appealed to his feelings, and represented the helpless

state of the mother and children. But they found his heart callous to the emotions of humanity; they therefore acquitted him from the obligation to pay the debt, and agreed to relieve the poor family with the same sum, at their own expence.

CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS.

TEMPERATE in their diet, abstemious, sober above all nations; fond of their country, obedient, and faithful to their king, these peasants make most excellent soldiers, and as the levies in Spain are for three or five years only, each district assembles annually, and chooses out among its young men, those who are unmarried, and can be best spared. By this wise method, their troops are armies of volunteers, and the whole country a militia, who have seen regular service. The Spanish husbandmen still preserve the custom of their fathers, by travelling on foot, from village to village, over the whole peninsula of Spain. A piece of bread in one of their pockets, and a horn cup in the other, is their only provision; they carry their cloaks doubled long ways, over their left shoulder; and in their right hand they bear a porra, or strong staff, with the assistance of which, they leap over the rivulets they meet in their journey. As they go through the towns, they recruit their stock of bread; they seldom choose to sleep in them, to avoid the expence of an inn, but when night overtakes them, they sleep beneath a shady tree, or the shelving of a rock, covered with their cloaks. In the year 1760, one of my servants at Seville, after having escaped from a long and dangerous illness, asked my permission to perform a vow he had made, to visit the shrine of St. Jago, in Gallicia, promising to return in five weeks, which, to my astonishment he performed, though that town is five hundred and ten miles distant from Seville. What services may not be expected from troops thus inured to temperance and fatigue! The Spaniard, if on foot, always travels as the crow flies, which the openness and dryness of the country permits; neither rivers nor mountains stop his course; he swims the one, and scales the other; and by these means, he shortens his journey so considerably, that he can carry an express with greater expedition than any horseman.

MORAL OBSERVATIONS.

THOUGH you err to oblige, yet the person you so oblige, will secretly despise you.

He who is conscious of his own misconduct, hates all those who know it.

Genius always gives its best at first—Prudence at last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

It is observable that women who have no pretensions to beauty, are uncommonly accomplished and agreeable, or peevish and censorious. Those who have natural good sense, and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleasing is by the cheerfulness of their temper and talents, are at pains to exert the one, and cultivate the other; and they become always more estimable, and often more esteemed, than the most beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But those women who, while they are devoid of beauty are also deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to please, are sure of being unhappy in themselves and peculiarly disagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty affect those of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull the mind into indolence, deformity and poverty to instigate it to exertion.

He surely is most in want of another's patience, who has none of his own.

ANECDOTE

Of an Algerine Captain, exhibiting a pleasing Instance of strict Friendship.

During the bombardment of Algiers, by the Marquis du Quesne, the inhabitants carried their cruelty to such a pitch, as to tie the French prisoners alive to the mouth of their cannon. A French officer named Choisseul, and friend to an Algerine captain, was bound to the mouth of a cannon, when the captain being present, soon recognized him. He instantly solicited his friend's pardon; but not being able to obtain it, he darted upon the executioners, and three times rescued Choisseul. At length, finding all his efforts useless, he fastened himself to the mouth of the same cannon, entangled himself in Choisseul's chains, tenderly and closely embraced him, and addressed the cannonier in these words: "Fire, for as I cannot save my friend and benefactor, I will die with him." The De , who witnessed this shocking sight, passed many eulogiums upon the generosity of his u ject, and exempted Choisseul from death.

THE FRENCH GENERAL JUNOT.

Junot is a native of Orleans.—His origin is too obscure to be traced; and. before the revolution, he was a private soldier in the French guards. At the siege of

Toulon, early in 1794, he became first personally known to Bonaparte, who there commanded a detachment of the artillery. His aid-de-camp being killed close to his side, while employed in taking down a *process verbal* or notes of the passing transactions, Bonaparte called out to send him instantly a person who could read and write. Junot, then in the ranks, possessing these qualifications, was selected to fill the place of the aid-de-camp who had fallen. But scarcely had he written a few lines which Bonaparte dictated, when a cannon ball that tore up the ground before them, filled their eyes with dust. 'How fortunot!' observed Junot with perfect composure,' 'I wanted some sand for my paper, and here it comes!' The *sang froid* with which this remark was made attracted Bonaparte's attention. He demanded of Junot his name, and from that day retained him near his own person. He has risen under his master to the summit of revolutionary honours, dignities, and emoluments. At this time he is Governor-general of Portugal, Colonel-general of the Hussars, a General on the Staff, Governor of Paris, and duke of Abrantes, of the most ancient extinct Portuguese titles. His income, including the lands assigned him in Poland, does not fall short of 17,000l sterling a year. Junot is in the vigour of age, of a figure uncouth and vulgar; his face seemed with scars, and his manners corresponding with his external appearance. He married, nevertheless, a few years ago, an Albanian Princess.

We copy the following humourous anecdote from Riley's Itinerant, or the memoirs of an Actor.

"AMONGST my acquaintance, there was one whom I unfortunately selected as my bosom friend, merely because his inclination for the stage was equally strong as my own; though at the same time he had other predominant evil propensities, which I was fortunate enough to discover, ere I had fallen a sacrifice to them. One night we were both pennyless, yet see the play we must; what was to be done? "I have it," said Tom, "keep an eye to the door, and the first time the stage-keeper comes out, we can slip behind the scenes; I'll hide in one of the lumber chests, and you shall creep into *Magog*." Magog was a large figure, made to represent the giant of that name; he had been used in a pantomime at the beginning of the season, but now stood behind the scenes: the body was hollow, and large enough to contain a moderate sized man; the limbs were so constructed, that by pulling a rope, the whole figure would drop to pieces; this hollow piece of mechanism had served Tom for a hiding place before; as we had planned, so it succeeded: I found myself safely lodged in the car-

case of Magog, with the pleasing certainty of seeing the play, by creeping out the first opportunity, and presenting myself as just come from the front of the house. I was scarcely fixed in my new habitation, when the stage-keeper returned, accompanied by the manager, who gave orders to prepare every thing for the representation of the pantomime, which was to be exhibited in lieu of the farce advertised, owing to the indisposition of a favourite performer. Alarmed to agitation, I determined to make my escape, the moment their backs were turned; but unfortunately, the first preparation was begun on the giant: the ropes were properly fixed, the head fixed to the body, and the monster drawn from the wall, to be in greater readiness for his appearance. "He is confounded heavy,' says the carpenter. "I wish he was lighter," thought I. All my hopes of escape vanished! to creep out in his tottering situation was impossible, without throwing down the whole apparatus; this I dust not risk, but made a solemn resolution if I escaped discovery this time, never to be guilty of the like in future.

"Three hours passed, the most painful I had ever known. The scene drew up, Magog was discovered; the different characters skipping about with the greatest alacrity, till one entered, dressed as a landlord, with a large bowl of punch, which, after some time, was poured down Magog's throat, and bedewed me in a plentiful manner. Almost suffocated with heat, the cold contents of the bowl were tolerably pleasant at the moment; but the consequence was a violent cold and fever, which confined me for nearly a month afterwards. At length, Harlequin gave the necessary signal, the figure dropped to pieces, and discovered its contents, to the surprise and astonishment of every body; covered with cobwebs and dirt, wet to the skin, pale and trembling with fear, the house roared with laughter. Not long did I continue their spectacle, but took to my heels, overturning every thing that stood in my way, and rued the time I first thought of getting into Magog."

ON CONNUBIAL LOVE.

It has been thought to be a peculiar felicity, for any one to be praised by a man who is himself eminently worthy of praise. How much happier, to be prized and loved by a person worthy of love! A man may be esteemed and valued by a friend; but in how different a style of sentiment from the regard and attachment that may reign in the bosom of a wife! To feel that we are loved by one whose love we have deserved; to be employed in the mutual interchange of the marks of this love; habitually to study the happiness of one, by whom our happiness is studied in return; this is the most desira-

ble, as it is the genuine and unadulterated condition of human nature. Thus love acts, thus it is ripened to perfection; never does man feel himself so much alive, so truly etherial, as when, bursting the bonds of diffidence and reserve, he pours himself entire into the bosom of her he adores.

Sauteuil was the first who let fly the shafts of satire against the Monks. A native of province complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a Monk, "What Sir," says Sauteuil who was present, "a man of your years not know the monks! There are four things in the world you should always guard against; the *face* of a woman, the *hind part* of a mule, the *side* of a cart, and *a monk on all sides.*"

SKETCH OF A MOMENTARY SCENE FROM NATURE.

CALLING the other day to see a friend, I found that during my absence, he had been made happy by the birth of a son, the first child with which his lovely partner had blessed him: With an honest ardour he insisted on introducing me to the apartment of his wife. The laws of custom gave way to the desires of friendship, and I attended him. With pensive look, and downcast eye, the tender mother sat smiling upon the babe; her cheek had lost its wonted dye; but upon seeing me, it was tinged with a momentary flush: What interesting softness! A most enchanting languor hung upon her frame; the tear of tenderness shone in her eye, while still she smiled on her babe. As the father entered the room, he stole a glance towards his treasure, he thought himself unnoticed; it was the look of love and tenderness ineffable; it was all the feeling mind can possibly conceive. She chid him for bringing me to witness her situation; it was the chiding of love; he answered with a kiss. Imagination brought this scene home to me; I before felt that purest of pleasures which proceeds from seeing others happy; but when Anna's image (which is always before me) was viewed in this light, I was lost, and e'er I was aware, I found the most *generous tear that flowed from the source of sensibility, trickling down my cheek.*

Such is the inexpressible pleasure which a sympathetic mind derives from virtuous love.

AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

Woman is a very nice and very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of man pretty nearly as the work of a repeating-watch does from that of a town-clock.—Look at her; how delicately formed! Examine her senses; how

exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and accute! But look into her heart; there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye, to be clearly apprehended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition; I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye she shall draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it: she cannot answer the question. The philosepher deduces inferences; and his enferences shall be right; but he gets to the head of the staircase, if I may say so, by slow degrees, and mounting step by step. She arrives at the top of the staircase as well as he: but whether she leaped or flew there, is more than she knows herse.f.

From the Salem Register.

Some young ladies in this town have instituted a little Club, for the purpose of devoting their evenings to reading and literary conversation. This project does honor to their taste—and augurs well for the cause of female and even general improvement. The multiplication of such societies would depopulate the ball-room, and the card-table—and no prophecy can do justice to the probable consequences of so excellent a design. The imagination looks forward through the vast vista of innumerable ages; and from causes like this, anticipates the regeneration of man.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr Romayne, Jesse Oakley, Esq of Poughkeepsie to Mrs. Susan Lynsen, youngest sister of Dr. Romayne, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Walter Morton, to Miss Jane Stayley.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Bishop Moore Joseph W. Bracket, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Wiggins.

On the 17th inst. by the rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Robert Tillock, to Miss Maria Beebee.

On Saturday evening last, at Mount Pleasant, by the rev. Stephen S. Nelson, Mr. John P. Garniss, of New-York, to Miss Amelia Wallace, daughter of Mr. John Wallace, of that place.

At Washington, on the 15th inst. by the rev. Mr. M'Cormick, Nicholas I. Roosevelt, Esq. of this city, to Miss Latrobe, daughter of H. L. Latrobe, Esq. Surveyor of the public huildings of the United States.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, in the 30th year of her age, Mrs. Frances Hopkins, wife of Mr. George F. Hopkins.

At Fishkill, on the 2nd inst. Mrs. Mary Rapalje, wife of Abraham B. Rapalje, Esq.

.....

Deaths, in this city, during the week ending on Saturday last—men 12, women 12, boys 9, girls 10—Total 43.

THE TEAR.

DEDICATED TO MISS——

Leave, leave, chrystalline drop, thy sapphire cell,
And cease to linger on my grief-worn cheek;
To Delia haste, for thou has pow'r to speak,
And to her gentle ear thy story tell.

Breathe in her breast the anguish that I feel,
And tell her, tell her, that my bursting heart,
A pray to sorrow's agonizing smart,
Bade th e thus softly to her bosom steal.

Haste, haste, celestial pity's breath to sip,
Pure gem of sensibility, and while
Thy pearly treasures tremble on her lip,
Pleas'd with thy genuine truth the fair may smile:
And if to thee that rapturous smile be giv'n,
Fly, fly to me, and bear the transient heav'n.

.....

THE PASSIONS.

The Passions once, in frolic pastime gay,
Stole Fancy's magic-lantern for a day;
And each, in order, its effects essay'd,
On some new Phantom, which herself pourtray'd.

Fierce anger first her hasty hand apply'd,
And sketch'd an earth-born giant's tow'ring pride:
Vast was his strength, and terrible his nod;
He spoke in thunder, and on storms he rode;
He mow'd down armies, and he kick'd down thrones;
And infants call him still, raw-head-and-bloody-bones.

Valour, of glorious hazard only proud,
Drew dragons hissing from the bursting cloud;
Sorcerers, whose spells cloud wrathful warriors tame;
And wedge in rifted rocks the captive dame;
Till happier hardihood th' inchantment broke,
And magic adamant dissolv'd in smoke.

Fear's trembling pencil group'd a goblin crew,
Ghosts' clatt'ring chains around the church yard yew;
Forms without heads, that cross the midnight ways;
Heads without limbs, where saucer eye-balls blaze;
And shapes grotesque, down eve's grey shade that slide,
And buzzing, grinning, chatt'ring, screaming glide.

To her succeeded Hope; intent to trace
A friendly wizard's co nfortable face;
The rev'rend Merlin of a former age;
Unconquerable just, benignly sage.
Low o'er his breast a milk white beard was spread:

A wed by his wand the pow'r of Mischief fled;
Till (every peril past) sure triumph grac'd
The brave, and happy wedlock crown'd the chaste.

A scene far different, wild Despair employ'd,
Furies, whose whips clash thro' the darksom void;
Demons with forks of fire, and breath of flame,
That howl revenge, and chuckle at our shame;
Mock guilty misery's most alarming hour;
And to the rave of malice, add the pow'r.

Mirth then display'd a jocuod troup to view;
Trim fairies, frisking on the twilight dew;
Fantastic Will-o-wisps thro' brush and brier,
That lur'd the staring clown, and sous'd him in the mire;
And fire-proof leves, that round the cauldron squat,
And burn the housewife's dumpling to the pot,

Then Superstition came, her sprites to show,
That makes the mastiff's yell the note of woe;
At melancholy's window flap their wings,
In concert with the dirge the raven sings;
O'er Nature's face a veil of omont spread;
Perplex the living, and belie the dead.

Envy's shrunk finger next the occasion caught;
And scratch'd the hideous image of her thought;
A scraggy witch, on broom-stick hors'd for flight,
Equipp'd with all th' artillery of spite;
Mildews and blights, to blast the forward grain;
Philtress t' intoxicate the madd'ning brain;
Pray'rs mumbled backwards, discord to promote;
And crooked pins, to rend the suff'rer's throat.

Love still remain'd—but lo! while she prepares
Her little family of joys and cares,
Fancy herself surpris'd the wanton train,
Reclaim'd her lantern—and resum'd her reign;
Seiz'd on the spot, the visionary scroll,
And then the Genius gave the motley whole.

Genius, sublime with taste, correct with ease,
Alternate soften'd those, and heighten'd these;
From features rude, and parts of monstrous size,
Bade mystic sense, and moral beauty rise;
Engag'd tradition on the side of truth;
And made the tale of age, the oracle of youth.

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